

# The Big What If 1

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Summary: What if the magical world didn't exist? What if they thought any "wizard" was crazy? What if Ron was that wizard? What if it was all some crazy dream in his crazy mind...or is everyone else crazy? As Ron is allowed out of the asylum will he be able to pro

## 1. Number 1

> <em>Dear Journal:<br> My name is Ronald J. Weasley. Amazing, huh?

You'd think I was just some normal muggle walking down the street.

But I'm not. See I'm a wizard. Not a great one but I'm alright.

> <br> In wizarding terms I guess I'm not all that special. Except maybe for my choice of friends. One's a genius and the other is none other then Harry Potter! We all goto Hogwarts together. That's a wizarding school. Best one in the world. I'm in the best house (don't say that to Draco though, heh heh)

> <br> \_Nurse Carol just shook her head. Hogwarts, Harry Potter, wizarding, and who in the world would name there kid Draco? Mr. "Ronald J. Weasley" was crazy alright. Didn't even know what his real name was. She supposed she should let home go one thinking it though. The patients got a kick out of their fake names.

> <br> She looked over at the boy sadly. He kicked and turned in his sleep.

> <br> "Harry kill \_Voldemort.\_" The boy said, there was a pause as if waiting for someone else to say something. "Yea, I finally said his name!" "Ronald's" face looked proud as he slept.

> <br> "Crazy, huh?" She said turning to her closet confident Mary.

> <br> "Got that right, almost as bad as Bumblebee." She said, laughing.

> <br> Bumblebee, a crazy old man, thought he was some great wizard as well. He always seemed to think he was talking to Nicholas Flamel, some imaginary friend of his.

> <br> "I pity them, ya know? It's nice to be mentally stable, ain't it?" Said the bubble gum chewing secretary, Britney. As Mary and Carol walked out she couldn't help laughing.

> <br> "She's mentally stable?" She said and they both broke into a fit of giggles.

> <br> Mary and Carol were the youngest people on the staff and had a horrible habit of being over giggly but they did work damn well for two sixteen year olds so no one objected.

> <br> Carol was something of a genius and had been skipped more grades than little miss Britney could count. She was currently in her 1st year of grade school so she could become a doctor at the old loony bin.

> <br> Mary on the other hand was the owner's daughter and just monitored the video cameras that eternally guarded all the patients.

> <br> "You know Carol I think that crazy boy's sort of cute. I love watching his monitor." She giggled and Carol had to grin. It was hard for Carol to believe that they were best friends but the friendship had formed just the same.

> <br> "His our age you know." Carol said. He wasn't all that bad looking after all so she had been watching his charts quite carefully. How can I sink to such airheadness behavior? She thought but looked at Mary and nodded to herself. "bad influence."

> <br> \_Dear Journal,

> <br> Lately I think someone's been reading you. You always end up in different parts of the dorm.

> <br> \_Dorm? she questioned. She sighed, thinking of Mary's half witted comment, cute or not this guy was a kook.

> <br> Carol sighed and opened her psych book to study.

> <br> "Back to Phobias for me big boy." She whispered to "Ron" wistfully.

> <br> \_Dear Journal,

> <br> Looking back at the pages I've filled you with I have to worry about my mental health. What was I talking about in there? I'm confused. All I know is that according to my previous pages today would be my graduation day from some crazy place called Hogwarts. I'm confused.

> <br> \_He's cured! thought an extremely happy Carol. Much time had passed since their discussion on his cuteness and the two girls were now older and wiser (well Carol was)

> <br> The next day "Ron's" family asked that he be released but that he have a live-in attendant to help him adjust. After hearing of the high pay and the free room in his new apartment she instantly volunteered. Mary was upset at the loss of her best friend but took the news rather lightly ("I bet your get to see him in his underwear.")

> <br> On her first day she couldn't help but be a little nervous.

> <br> "Hi, I'm Carol I guess you already know me." She said and laughed a little, nervous laughter.

> <br> The boy stared and hugged his journal.

> <br> "That's a pretty journal." She said.

> <br> "I don't remember anything I wrote in it happening. I think maybe I was writing a story. I like the story. I like the journal too. I named it Minerva Granger, after these two characters in the book."

> <br> "Granger's a pretty name." She said almost subconsciously.

> <br> "Minerva's nice too." "Ron" said looking taken aback.

> <br> "Oh yeah, right." She said quickly.

> <br> "You think I'm crazy don't you?" The boy said out of the blue.

> <br> "What?" She said shocked but she could feel her head nod.

> <br> "That's what I thought. Mum thinks so too."

> <br> "Mum? What are you British?" Carol said, suddenly given a giggle that reminisced Mary.

> <br> "Of course, this is London isn't it?"

> <br> I'm supposed to teach this boy to adapt to the real world, she thought, they should pay me more.

> <br> \*\*\*

> <br> \_Dear journal,

> <br> Little Miss Brown Hair Brown Eyes over the says that this New York City.

> <br> Maybe she's the crazy one.

> <br> \_Gee, thanks.

> <br> \_Dear Minerva Granger,(I remembered your full name!)

> <br> Today I had quite an odd experience. I was walking down the street with Carol where she was showing me a super market. I wasn't paying much attention to her, see, cause I saw this boy with black hair and green eyes. So I turn to him all of sudden without even knowing what I'm doing and I say "Hey Harry." And Carol just shakes her little bitten to the crisp finger and says that that's her boyfriend Harold not "Harry." I just shrugged and told her to read her psych book. I tell her to that again. Sometime I get mad at call it her psycho book. One time she got mad she called me a psycho. I almost cried but guess she's right. Look at me, calling people weird names, writing weird stories, naming my journal Minerva, not to mention that whole spider incident....I'm not even going to start.

> <br> \_Poor boy, she thought. Poor poor boy.

> <br> "Why didn't he have a scar?" He had said after the run in with Harold.

> <br> The weird thing is, I had been wondering the same thing.....

> <br> TO BE CONTINUED!!!!

> <br> So what you guys think so far? What should I do with this plot? I'm not sure what I'm trying to do. Isn't Mary cool? Sorry I'm attached to her....i'll have to put her in Charlie chronicles..... yeah recycle characters.....!

## 2. Number 2

Harold:

> <br> "Come on mom I need more hair gel money." I said looking pleadingly to my mom.

> <br> "No...when you get out of college and get yourself a job you can buy everything you want but until then...."

> <br> Blah, Blah, Blah, God I hate my mother. All she does is ramble. Sometimes I wish I lived at my own apartment like Carol, or better yet I wish I didn't even have parents in the first place. Maybe their die in some freak accident and I'll be free. Wait, dreams don't come true.

> <br> BRINGGGG!

> <br> "IT'S CAROL!!!" I yelled to prevent my mother from talking to her. Ugh, Chick talks, yuck.

> <br> \_"Carol?"\_ I questioned.

> <br> \_"Harold?"\_ She mimicked.

> <br> "Sarcasm is the lowest form of humor." I muttered.

> <br> "I thought that would be one of your jokes."

> <br> "HAHAHA...NO!"

> <br> "Touchy Touchy, Harold...or wait Harry."

> <br> "Don't remind me of that kid....he's creepy."

> <br> "He pays the bills."

> <br> I had a dirty thought."That doesn't sound right."  
> <br> "Huh?" Silence then.... "EW! I'm not selling him as a gigalo!"

> <br> "You know me too well."  
> <br> "Unfortunately." She muttered.  
> <br> "You know you love me."  
> <br> "Unfortnately."  
> <br> \*\*\*  
> <br> Carol-  
> <br> I should really break up with him.  
> <br> Let's not start on that though. This isn't my story to tell.  
It's Ron's.  
> <br> Ronald Weasley could confuse every Psych professor at my  
University to the point of Boggilation (Don't ask Profess- B says it  
all the time). Of course, \_I\_, understand him perfectly.  
> <br> Then again I've always been smarter then my teachers.  
> <br> Not that I'm bragging or anything.  
> <br> No, nothing like that.  
> <br> Moving on.  
> <br> I believe Ron. I didn't at first but now I do. His world is  
real. Somehow he's been knocked out of balance. I guess that must be  
it. Alternative realities maybe. Confusing ideas, over the head of  
even the greatest thinkers. If only someone had written a book to  
tell me what was wrong. Book are my specialty.  
> <br> Ron would write great books with a mind like his. It wouldn't  
take an imagination though. His other life's interesting enough for  
most people.  
> <br> See I'd been fine with everything about Ron if it wasn't for  
last Tuesday.  
> <em><br> " Ron?" I had asked.  
> <br> "Yes, Car?" He replied, I winced at the nickname.  
> <br> "Where'd you get the name for your journal from?" I asked. The  
unusual first name bothered me but strangely the last name did more  
over.  
> <br> "You." He replied bluntly. I felt the world swerve around  
me....what was he talking about?  
> <br> "My name's Carol," i said coldly.  
> <br> "That's what you think." He said and he smiled, a crazy smile,  
an insane smile.  
> <br> "I think you better goto bed now." I said trying to hide my  
fear.  
> <br> "Nerve struck...."  
> <br> \*\*\*  
> <br> \_Ron-  
> <br> Minerva and I have been thinking things over and we've decided  
that maybe I should act like a muggle. That's the word my story uses.  
I wish I could remember writing that story. I think it's really quite  
good. Minerva was my teacher in the story. She quite smart. Minerva's  
not just in my story though. She's real. Not some figment of my  
imagination. Carol says my imagination is overactive. I told her that  
hers was underactive. I don't think she liked that....  
> <br> \*\*\*  
> <br> Harold-  
> <br> It is kind of disturbing when your girlfriend lives with  
another guy. Sure he may be a former lunatic but they still share a  
bathroom.  
> <br> Then again the relationship between me and Carol is weird.  
First off she's maybe twice my IQ. She's already in grad school. Not  
to mention she's about a foot taller then me.  
> <br> O well that's just the way it goes. She's a great chica you

know?

> <br> I don't think I like the guy she works for though. He keeps calling me Harry. Gets kind of annoying after a while.  
> <br> She I don't mind being called it by a loony bin but when some fortune teller at Coney Island starts in on me I get freaked out.  
> <br> \*\*\*  
> <br> The day we discovered Ron was right was a weird one. See Harold and I were on this date. Coney island, you know?  
> <br> "Man this place is beautiful," i said.  
> <br> Harold put on a big cheesy voice, "Not as beautiful as you, babe."  
> <br> SLAP!  
> <br> "That one really hurt, Babe."  
> <br> SLAP!  
> <br> "Chauvinistic pig."  
> <br> "BA..." he started but seeing my menacing hand he stopped.  
> <br> "Hey look Cary dearest it's a fortune teller."  
> <br> I made a face. "I hate those things, there so fake."  
> <br> "Oh come on, It'll be fun."  
> <br> "Yeah just like it was fun when you tried to kick the Teletubby guy in the balls."  
> <br> "Hey how was I supposed to know he was a black belt!"  
> <br> So into the fortune teller, the Bug Lady, otherwise known as Professor Trelawney.  
> <font>

### 3. Number 3

\*\* Harold-

> <br> "You are very young." The old fortune teller whispered into her crystal ball.  
> <br> "Uh....duh?" I replied, annoyed.  
> <br> "I sense an extreme rudeness in your inner psyche."  
> <br> Carol couldn't resist, "Uh....duh?"  
> <br> She turned to Carol "You have a strong spirit but you do not understand the divine realm."  
> <br> My turn : "Ooh dissed by the old goat."  
> <br> "I heard that, young man." The old woman said sternly and then turned her striking gaze back on the crystal ball."  
> <br> "I see..." The women looked shocked. "I see! I actually see! I've never really seen anything in the ball before.... I see!"  
> <br> "See what?"  
> <br> "I see a boy! I see a boy with a scar. I see you Harry, I see you."  
> <br> I jumped up knocking over the table, "My name isn't Harry!" I heard her crystal ball gently shatter on the floor.  
> <br> "Sorry." I said, I was too. I'd probably destroyed her only money source.  
> <br> But that's when something weird happened, something unexpected. The crystal ball, out of no where, reformed.  
> <br> "What..." I started.  
> <br> "The..." Carol continued.  
> <br> The fortune teller glared at us. " I hope you don't expect me to finish that one."  
> <br> "How did that happen?" I asked ignoring the fortune teller.  
  
> <br> "Got me." She shrugged.  
> <br> Carol looked skeptical, "Why don't you look into your magic ball and tell us."

> <br> She looked, not sensing the sarcasm. "I see another boy, this time with red hair. He is of the realm."  
> <br> "The what?" Carol asked.  
> <br> "Nothing," The fortune teller said quickly. "Trust the boy..." She said and then she disappeared, as quickly as a blink of the eye.

> <br> "What..." Carol said opening her mouth in shock,  
> <br> "The..."  
> <br> "Just stop."  
> <br> "Fine, Cary dearest, looks like someone has pms."  
> <br> SLAP!  
> <br> \*\*\*  
> <br> Ron-  
> <br> So they tell me I'm right. Great, I say. That doesn't make me any less of a social outcast. The boy who thought he was a wizard.

> <br> "Guess what folks he's right!" She would tell them.  
> <br> "Oh really, Carol, is that so let's put you in the looney bin too."  
> <br> So I'm stuck as the former lunatic with no friends except Minerva.  
> <br> Great.  
> <br> Lovely.  
> <br> Super duper.  
> <br> That's called sarcasm folks, it's alot of fun.  
> <br> Moving on.  
> <br> Carol says that some fortune teller confirmed me. Oh yup, a former lunatic and a fortune teller, well EVERYONE will believe that!

> <br> Sarcasm once again. I told you it was fun.  
> <br> Carol believes me though. So I guess she's alright after all. Maybe I have a friend in her too.

> <br> Carol-  
> <br> "Ron?" I asked.  
> <br> "Yes'm?"  
> <br> "What was it like in the mental hospital? I mean I worked there but I wasn't a patient."

> <br> "That the thing, I can't remember anything between being 11-17."

> <br> "Weird...."

> <br> "Yeah."

> <br> "Yeah." I said. I felt nervous suddenly. "I have to go."

> <br> "Go where?" He said with a laugh. "You live here."

> <br> He pulled gingerly at my arm and I felt a strange sensation rush up my arm. Something familiar about his touch, foreign and surreal yet real enough that I could almost reach out and touch it. There it was, the thing that had been bothering me all night.

> <br> He turned his freckled face up at me and looked me right in the eye. His gaze broke into me, analysed me. For a moment he wasn't Ron and I wasn't Carol. For a moment we were two souls intertwined. It was moment that is almost impossible for me to put into words.

> <br> The eerie silence was suddenly broken. Something fell to the floor. It was the journal. As it hit the floor a small thud could be heard. The pages fluttered open, as if by magic...irony.

> <br> Out of the pages something floated as if by it were a ghost or a soul. The eerie gas took form into the shape of an elderly woman. The woman's body slowly formed the solidness tracing up from her feet to her head slowly and what seemed to be painfully. As her face took shape a look of agonizing pain came across her as if this transformation was taking the bit of energy out of her.

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> <br> "Minerva!" Ron exclaimed.  
> <br> "Yes, it is." She turned to me.  
> <br> "My name is Minerva McGonnall," she paused, " and yours is  
Hermione Granger."  
> <br>  
> <strong>
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End  
file.